# EISTEDDFOD WAS A SUCCESS

# Many Spirited Contests Under the Auspices of Robert Morris Lodge.

Was Won by the Philharmonics, of the West Side-Miss Sarah A. Jones Won The Tribune Prize Story-Win ners of Prizes in the Other Contests.

Robert Morris lodge, No. 58, Order of Ivorites, conducted the finest elstedd-fod ever held in this city at the Frothingham theater yesterday. With invit-ing weather, an unexcelled programme and hustling managers the eisteddfod was a success several days before its advent. In local eisteddfodic circles, perhaps, the event was not appreciated

perhaps, the event was not appreciated as greatly as it was in distant parts, where news of the event had been sent. The literary competitions show that the interest in the eisteddfod was as widespread as the habitation of the Welsh. Contributions were received from every section of the globe except South Africa and China, where the eisteddfod is not appreciated. Robert Morris lodge numbers about 280 mem-Morris lodge numbers about 280 mem-bers. It was organized a little over a year and a half ago, and at the present time the organization is the most con-servative and flourishing lodge on the West Side. An entire floor of rooms in stantial brick building in the central part of Hyde Park is now controlled by the lodge, and in this building there are parlors and every conventence to reasonable club life.

Yesterday's eisteddfod was taken care of by the following prominent members of the lodge, who formed the managing committee: John J. Davies, chair-man; E. E. Robathan, David Pritchard, W. R. Lewis, J. H. Phillips, E. D. Jones

Charles E. Davis, secretary.

J. Davis, secretary.

There were three sessions yesterday, in the morning, afternoon and evening The president of the morning session was S. Burd Edwards, of Pottsville, and Professor George Howell was conductor. In the afternoon William Connell was president, and A. J. Colborn conductor. The president of the even-ing session was Hon. H. M. Edwards. adjudicators of the eisteddfod : On music, David Davis, Cincinnoti, O.; on poetry, Hon. H. M. Ed-wards, Scranton; on recitations, Pro-fessor L. J. Richards, Scranton School of Oratory and Elecution, Scranton; on short story, Livy S. Richard, Scranton; on essay, Ben H. Pratt, Scranton; ac-

companist, Walter Davis, Scranton.

The competition between the choirs which created more interest than prob teddfod, took place at the evening session, and was won by the Philharmonics of the West Side.

## MORNING SESSION.

#### Number of Sharp Competitions Aroused Great Interest Among Spectators.

The crisp air outside made the Frothingham's interior more comfortable and with a sylvan scene on the stage be-fore them and a world of melody floating about the audience at the morning session were at once comfortable and pleased when the big eisteddfod opened Professor George Howell, superintend ent of public schools, as conductor of the morning's programme, presented the president of the session, S. Burd Edwards, president of the Cambro American society, of Pottsville.

ir. Edwards in accepting the honor briefly thanked the managers of the elsteddfod. He said that the elsteddfod is as influential as it was of yore It is an institution of the Welsh peopl and is social in its nature. It is a patriotic institution, said Mr. Ed-wards. He urged the competitors to abide by the decision of the adjudica tor. Aner chiadou gan y beirdd" (ad-dresses by the bards), were called for There was but one response. Thomas Jehu, of the North End, was the speak-

THE FIRST COMPETITION. The first competition of the eistedd-

fod was on the baritone solo. There were eleven entries, but only four passed the preliminary outposts. The selection was "The Sailor's Song." The singers were: W. W. Watkins. Peckville; Llewellyn Jones, of Bellevue David Stevans, of the West Side; and William Evans, of the West Side. Mr Watkins sang first and was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Evans followed with Miss Norma Williams as accompanist. Mr. Stevans was third with Miss Williams as accompanist Mr. Jones was last, and was accompanist.
Mr. Jones was last, and was accompanied by Mr. Davies, The contest
created not a little surprise. David
Stevans, a tenor singer, whose name was entered, was given the prize of \$7 donated by Wade M. Finn. This decidonated by Wade M. Finn. This deci-sion was greeted with a murmer of astonishment by the audience; not be-cause Stevans was undeserving of it, but because he has heretofore been known as a tenor singer.
In giving his adjudication, Mr. Davies

said that the solo is an excellent sea song with plenty of fire. Tone, quality pitch, expression, conception, must b onsidered. Following are the details of the adjudication:

No. 1—A good voice, under good con-trol, good enunciation. No. 2—Fine voice, rather more sombre than the first.

No. 3-Good voice, well-controlled, good enunciation, and conception excel-

lent.
No. 4—Good, fresh voice; better in the first than the last part of the song.

FOUR YOUNG LADIES. On the recitation competition, "The Wolves," by J. T. Trowbridge, there were four young ladies entered. Miss Martha Davies, of Eynon street, recited first; followed by Miss Lizzie Jones, Wilkes-Barre; Miss Elsie Jones, Pittston, and Miss Anna Cray, of Wilkes-Barre, Miss Jones, of Wilkes-Barre, was unfortunate. She learned her selection from an imperfect copy of the poem and the last four lines were omit-ted in the rendition. Professor Rich-ard awarded the prize of \$5 to Miss Davies and Miss Cray, the prize money to be equally divided between the two young ladies. He based his decision on

# Wonders

to curing torturing, disfiguring, hu-Mating humours of the Skin and Blood when all else falls,

articulation, pronounciation, direct address to the audience and conception.

The adjudication was very lengthy.

Miss Loretta Fahey, a 11-year-old pianist whose home is on the West Side, gave a selection. She was encored and delighted her auditors with an old and familiar Welsh air. The introduction of this feature was commended. of this feature was commended. of this feature was commended.
On the alto solo competition (prize \$7) there was an interesting contest. The piece was "Lovers' Sorrow" and there were three ladies who sought the prize. They are: Mrs. Mary Jane Boston-Williams, of the West Side; Miss Olicer Lovell of Taylor and Miss

Oliven Howell, of Taylor, and Miss Pannie Jones, of West Scranton. Miss Williams was given the prize. · PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Hop. H. M. Edwards was announced to give his adjudication on the Truth's prize poem contest on the subject "The Pioneers of Scranton." He was ap-plauded as he stepped to the front of the stage. Judge Edwards mentioned that among those whose compositions were better than the majority of the poems he had received were the creations of Roderick, the Ghost of Capouse, Cambria B. Orpheus, Jonathan, Himself, Talieson, No. 75, and J. R. The adju-dicator said in regard to the last two

No. 75-This author has written a spirited poem. He is a master of ver-sification. Some of his ideas may be considered extravagant, but not more so than is allowed by the recognized

canons of the divine art of poetry.

8. J. R.—This author's production is also one of considerable merit. It is entirely different in style to that of No. 75, but I cannot say that it excels it. I have had some difficulty in judging the comparative merits of these two the comparative merits of these two poems. Reading them alternately more than a dozen times, my mind veered from one to the other. This must be a condition of "reasonable doubt." I therefore give No. 75 and J. R. the benefit of it. The prize is equally divided between them.

The prize poems are: THE PIONEERS OF SCRANTON. (By J. R.)

I looked upon a valley,—
"Twas mantled with a coverlet of leaves,
And from the dim recesses of the wood,
Where vine with thorn and hazel interweaves

Arose the sound of savage revelry, As lurking foe met foe and devility in ruthless and impassioned freedom

Only the wild four footed beasts would And dwell with warlike safety in the vale; Only the blood-red Indian called a home This pathless forest with its hideous din, Of snarling woives that battled kin with

And, wounded, chilled the welkin with a wall. . . . . . . . . . .

Again, I looked upon this vale,-But now the scene is changed from grim to gay; The years had passed and with them disappeared
The Indian's tent, the red and restless

Tray,
The wild beasts' howl, the Biological Property of the Brown of the Stealthy footstep, and the antiered band
All, all had gone like sighs by gladness cheered. cay, be wild beasts' howl, the gloomy for-

And now upon the valley's gentle breast Repose the dwellings of another race— A race that reaches e'en to Culturo's erest; And, where the fray was fought now stands a church, The furnace stack outlines the forest

And Peace and Plenty deck a populace. Scranton! thou City of the Lightning's Flash.

Where Thrist is golden and the engines clash.

Where Nature's bounty slumbers 'neath the soil, and hardy steel is tempered by its toil;
Thou, Stalwart Scion of the Pioneer!
Hast lived a bright and vigorous career.
When Abbott built his hut, the Roaring

Brook
Laughed at his daring, as he undertook
To grind the harvest by its forceful flood
And cause the untried wilderness to bud. Then Taylor came; Howe, Slocum, sturdy Who lent the vigor of a youthful fire In furthering the change from wild to weal, And, lacking in conditions, gained in zeal; These are the men who toiled for things And died before the harvest they could Abbott, the Slocums, Taylor, Howe, Names that in fitting record should re-

As long as Scranton, rugged as the ash, Shall be the City of the Lightning's Flash Where Nature's bounty slumbers 'neath the soil And hardy steel is tempered by its toll. THE PIONEERS OF SCRANTON. (No. 75.)

Awake, O Muse! the tuneful lyre Breathe, breathe along each tr wire—
Imbue me now with heav'nly fire—
Uphold me duly—and inspire
To sing our Scranton Pioneers;
Without thy pow'r to warm my greeting
All mortal breath is void and fleeting—
No words but words inspired are fitting
To praise our Scranton Pioneers!

Where once the primal forest stood—Where once the dusky Indian's brood Inured their hearts to deeds of blood. Our fathers toiled, each in his rood. And left with God their hopes and fears; Beneath the cotter's rough-hewn rafter They oft convened for mirth and laughter;

ter; What mirthful crew, that day or after, Could mate with Scranton's Pioneers

Though dangers lurked on every hand—
By ford, by field, or roving band—
They steraly stood, each with a brand,
To guard their homes and native land,
And hoped success might crown the
years;
And Scranton, like a nymph, awaking
Resplendent as a day new breaking,
An everlasting name is making
To all her noble Ploneers.

The offspring of their toils is drest Like Dian plumed—and through the west, North, south—a goldess manifest— She pour s her blessings— and is blest The more a blessing she appears; Amazed, the world stood back with won-

To see her grasp the living thunder, And link it to a couch of splendor, To proudly bear her Pioneers!

One father lingers still—a star That halts 'twixt earth and upper air;— O, bless him—bless him, heav'n, and When angels shall have come to bear

and upward through the spheres,
All hands around, both high and lowly—
Uprear the shaft—and do it truly—
And dedicate the marble duly
To Scranton's noble Pioneers!

WHO THE WINNERS ARE. No. 75 is by Dr. W. W. Jenkins, of William street, Providence. He is a practicing physician and was formerly a pharmacist whose place of business was on the West Side. He is a middle aged man and is married. Emerson-D-Owen who wrote under the nom de plume of "J. R." is the West Side reporter for The Tribune. He is a son of William B. Owen, foreman at the Holden mine. Philip Warren sang a bass solo as an oasis in the competition desert. Then came the chief contest of the morning. the children's choir battle. This is al-ways a pleasant feature of an eistedd-fod. There was a prize of \$50 offered fod. There was a prize of \$50 offered and the children had rehearsed with great diligence. The competitive piece was "Carried by the Angels," a beauti-ful creation by James McGraham. First came the First Welsh Congregational choir, led by John Jones, aged 15. Then followed the Taylor choir, Arthur Mor-gan leader, aged 15.

The Bellevue choir sang next. Willie Davis, aged 14, was leader. The Hyde Park Juvenile choir, with 15-year-old Morgan Hawkins as leader. The children sang beautifully. The freshness of the voices contrasted greatly to the less interesting and more mature older voices. The Bellevue choir was declared the winner of the prize, and with this announcement the session closed.

#### IN THE AFTERNOON.

William Connell, the President, and A. J. Colborn, Jr., Conductor. Shortly after 2.30 o'clock the eistedd-

fod again convened. On the platform were a number of prominent Welsh-men. Attorney A. J. Colborn in introducing the president of the session, William Connell, said in the course of a beautiful address;

William Connell, said in the course of a beautiful address:

The wonderful influence of music has been the theme of many a tale in prose and verse. How often has the traveler on the Rhine seen, in his imagination, the fabulous horelei, the lovely matden, sitting on a cliff on the bank of the river, combing her shining hair, with a comb of gold, and singing a song of such strange, sweet sadness, that the sailor floating by, entranced by its meiody, although it makes him shudder, forgets everything but the magic of its charm, and is drawn slowly under the dark waters to a cruel death. Collins, in his Ode to the Passions, and Dryden, in Alexander's Feasts, both testify to the power of music. Many pleasing stories are told of its influence during the dark days of our sad and cruel civil war. Two regimental bands, one Union, the other Confederate, were encamped on the oposite sides of a river, and at twilight, when the day's carnage had ceased, they began to amuse themselves in showing their sentiments by the airs they played. Thus it wont on for a long time—"Hall Columbia" being followed by "Away Down in Dixie," the "Star Spangled Banner," by "The Honnie like Flag;" and as each air dled a way in the rocks and crags that overlooked the river, the hills would re-echo the cheers given by the different crowds of admirers.

MUSIC SOFTENED THEM.

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All the hatred the opposing sides bore each other was portrayed in the flerce and angry looks of the men until from the "Boys in Blue" was heard the first strains of "Home, Sweet Home," almost instantly the band on the other side caught up the dear old air, which will never die as long as there are hearts to love and homes to cherish, and as the last strains were gliding away, something clear as a crystal was seen to start and trickle down from the eyes of the powder-stained veterans, ploughing a white farrow"on their blackened checks, and when the last note had passed away into silence, one grand, united "goodinght" was sent echoing and re-echoing among the jutting crass.

Thus through the feeling that makes the whole world kin, a truce was proclaimed in the hearts of these foes, an influence felt long after the music had died away. How often have the hymns of a mother spothed her child, weary with life's conflicts long after the lips that ultered them with such undying affection have been silenced in death. The "Hush my child, lie still and slamber," sung to us in our infancy, seems like a benediction to hover over us during all our after life. The dear old church tunes familiar to us from childhood and linked with our earliest faith have often more power to stir the heart than the grandest miserere heard through the vast cathedral alsles, where the "dim religious light steals through the illumined windows, and falls in mellowed rays on the choicest productions of many a world-famed artist.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

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Some one has said "let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws," and this may be said, too, of a nation's hymns, Can any amount of corruption have the power to drag our country down to infidelity and decay, so long as such hymns as "Old Hundred," and the dear old "Coronation" have such power to stir the hearts of the people? When the heart is weary, and the soul is tired of daily strife and dark thoughts come crowding up, and even death seems pleasing—how strangely the remembrance of long neglected strains affect us, as they sweep over the broken chords of child-hood and reverberate in the immyst chambers of the soul—they "lift us unawares" sweep over the broken chords of charhood and reverberate in the immest chambers of the soul—they "lift us unawares
out of all meaner cares." Since music has
so great an influence over the feelings,
can it not be made a powerful aid in the
cultivation of the acesthetic nature? and
through the love of the beautiful are not
men made morally better? for does not
all that refines the feelings and moves
the affections, elevate the tone of the
mind, broaden its sympathies, and restrain
its vices? Go forth and listen to nature!
Hear how bright and joyous is the brooklet's melody, how careless and happy the
song it ever sings as its silvery waters
dance along over its pebbly bed.
But now the stream widens, its song
becomes deeper and grander, now it increases in brilliancy and strength, untiold ocean becomes its dwelling place; and
mark the change—the light and tripping
song becomes a deep, sad moan. Listen
to the music of the cataract as it boils
in angry surges, plunging its raging billows over the towering precipice, and resttors its tranheld waters in the channels to the music of the cataract as it bons in angry surges, plunging its raging billows over the towering precipice, and resting its troubled waters in the channels of the noisy deep. It says, in a language none can misunderstand, "The hand that made us is divine." Notes and chords sweet as the tones of an Aeolian harp strike our ears and finds a ready response in each heart, and at last the billows burst in stirring strains of deep bass, and overwhelm the soul of man with music too poyerful for mortals to appreciate. The world is full of music. There is not one discordant sound in all the works of creation. In the spring the sun with his golden key unlocks the tcy fetters of winter. The tongue of the rippling rill is loosed, and the gentle songs of the birds fall sweetly on our ears as they trill forth their tuneful notes. The winds of summer, as they softly stir the leaves, carry music to our ears sweet as the soongs of angels.

MUSIC IN THE FALLING LEAF.

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MUSIC IN THE FALLING LEAF.

In autumn there is music in every falling leaf and dying flower. "Tis sad and mournful music, such as causes the heart to throb and the tears to start; but it is music we love to hear. But soon the cold blasts blow upon the trees whose bare arms are outstretched to heaven, and winter's anthem has begun. So nature's song is ever being sung, in air, on earth, in sea; and its harmonies find an echo in every heart and lift our thoughts from nature up to nature's God. The soul of man instinctively responds to the music in nature, and daily the grand anthem of tens of thousands of human voices rolls up to the ear of the Eternat. The melody of a heart filled with love for the great fountain of love ascends highest into the heavens, and the very angels themselves hush their golden harps and, wonderingly, listen.

fountain of love ascends highest into the heavens, and the very angels themselves hush their golden harps and, wonderingly, listen.

The influence of music upon us cansot be over-estimated. Music makes us happier, wiser, and better; it enlarges our souls and gives us higher and holler thoughts. It has a charm that oratory, eloquence, painting or sculpture can never possess. It awakens in the soul of man the tenderest sensibilities, the purest and most spiritual emotions. Before it cares and sorrows flee away as dew disappears in the presence of sunshine. Who has not been carried away, conveyed, as it were to the very gates of Paradise by some sweet song? "Music, thou wast born in heaven ere the soul of man was given," When this little world we live in was chaos, angels strung their golden harps in daily orisons, and the blue vault above echoed their sweet harmony, "When the mild stars of morning sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy," even then thou hadst a name. O Music! thou, who bringest the receding waves of eternity neares to the weary hearr of man as he stands on the shore and longs to cross over, tell me, I pray thee, art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning star of the future one?

Let us, then, listen to the persuasive voice of this ministering spirit, and make our lives a beautiful song, and when we come to cross over the dark river that leads to the Celestial City, may we hear the words: "Welcome, Thrice Welcome Home," and our hearts will be filed with the strains that echo from the foot of the throne, and our voices thrilling with rapturous emoilon, will join with those of the immercable throng whose songs are ever ascending in adoration to Him, who has written song upon sunshine and "who doeth all things well."

INTRODUCED MR. CONNELL.

Mr. Coborn introduced Mr. Connell.

INTRODUCED MR. CONNELL. Mr. Colborn introduced Mr. Connell with a tribute which found favor with

without being better morally." Mr. Connell again thanked the body for the honor he felt in being chosen for the position. Conductor Colborn called for the usual addresses by the Weish bards. There seemed to be a lack of bardic mettle. Only two men responded, T. Kilcenin Evans, of Nanticoke, and T. J. John, of the North End. Following this came the first elsteddfodic competition of the afternoon, namely; on this came the first elsteddfodic competition of the afternoon, namely: on the tenor solo for a prize of \$7. The competitive piece was "The Golden Threshhold," by Fred N. Lohr. The contestants were Edwin Bowen, Thos. Abrams, and David Stevens. Each competitor had his following of friends in the audience and they made themselves known. The adjudication was in favor of David Stevens. In giving the adjudication Professor Davies said that Mr. Bowen has a good natural voice. adjudication Professor Davies said that Mr. Bowen has a good natural voice, but he dropped the consonants in certain places. No. 2 has a voice that is sombre in quality. His breathing was defective. No. 3 has a good solid voice and is in every way the superior. Mr. Stevens was given the \$7 prize, the second one for him.

PROF. RICHARD'S RECITATION. Professor L. T. Richards,of the Scran-ton School of Oratory and Elecution, delighted the audience with two recitations, both humorous in nature. He created a favorable impression. The competition by three young girls on the piano solo was really fine. The young ladies showed a considerable amount of artistic feeling. The competitive in the competitive ladies showed a considerable amount of artistic feeling. The competitive piece was the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' Miss Sadie Edwards played first, followed by Miss Annie Sullivan, of the West Side, and Nellie Ketchim, of Olyphant. Miss Ketchim was given the prize of \$7. The successful one splayed without music and though she omitted several bars of the music yet Adjudicator Davis thought she excelled in other respects.

The "oratorical competition was "Bruce's Address" for a prize of \$10, offered by Captain Moir and the Caledonian club. The prize was given to John Evans, of Taylor. The other speakers were: Ben-

The other speakers were: Henjudication by Professor Richards was undoubtedly impartial. The competition on "Crug y Bar," was for singers over 50 years of age, each singer to select like jitch. This contest was sweet in its Simplicity. The contestants disappeared as silently as they had come. Only one name could be obtained and that is Morgan C. Jones, of Wilkes-The prize of \$5, donated by W. R. Lewis, esq., was presented to Mr.

DECISION ON THE ENGLYN. Judge Edwards gave the adjudication on the "Englyn," a Welsh form of poetry. The prize of \$5 was won by Roland Roberts, of Bellevue Hieghts. There were 106 compositions received. Many were from across the water, Many were from across the wary some came from Canada, and every state in the Union was represented. At state in the Union was represented. At the "Englyns" were good. No. 3—Well united, expression not prayer too loud, Allegros not The adjudicator reduced the number into classes of which twelve composed the superior. The success of Mrs. Rob-erts is therefore the greater. His nom-de-plume was "Swansea." There were several of the same pseudonym. Mr. Roberts repeated his "Englyn" without copy, and the committee thought that he was the real "Swansea." Dr. J. J. Roberts, of the West Side, donated the At this point a competition which

brought out a great show of talent was announced. It was the male quartette competition on sight reading. The piece to be sung was composed by Professor T. J. Davies, of this city, especially for the competition. The fol-lowing quartettes entered: Philip Warren, J. W. Jones, D. Stevens and W. Davis; M. C. Jones, J. L. Evans, T. C. Lewis and John Samuels; James Watkins, M. P. Morgan, John R. Francis and W. G. Howells; John T. Watkins, W. Evans, Thomas Jones, L. L. Jones. The first two quartettes were declared superior. The \$5 was divided between the two. J. J. Davies was the giver.
The final contest of the day was male chorus, "On the Sea," by Dudley c. The prize was worth striving \$75. First sang the Anthracite Choral society, of Taylor, James Watkins leader. The Pennsylvania Glee club followed. Thomas G. Evans was leader. Dr. Mason's Male club, of Wilkes-Barre, led by Gwilym Amos, with Miss Maggie Jones as accompanist, were the last singers. At the adjudication given at the evening session, the Wilkes-Barre choir was the money and the praise of the adjudi-

#### BIG CROWD AT NIGHT. Cempetition Between the Choirs Was

the Feature of the Session.

The largest crowd of any at the eisteddfod attended the evening session. The main attraction was the chief choral, competition for the largest prize of the eisteddfod, \$300. Seated on the platform were Mayor-elect J. G. Balley, Treasurer-elect C. G. Boland, Daniel Williams, Rev. J. C. Morris, Livy S. Richard, T. Kilcenin Evans, of Nanticoke. William Connell was called to the stage during the evening. Judge Edthe Feature of the Session. stage during the evening. Judge Edwards as conductor and president made an opening address. Previous to this the audience burst forth many times in spontaneous singing of familiar songs.

Professor Davis sang "Hen Wlad fy Nadiau," the audience joining in the chorus. Dr. Mason's club was given the \$75 prize on the male chorus. On the soprano solo there were several en-tries, among which were Miss Lizzie Jones and Mrs. Frank Brundage who won the prize of \$7. The competitive piece was Sullivan's "Sweethearts." Judge Edwards in making his adjudication on the Welsh poem on "T. Lifynvy Morgan" divided the prize between Wil-liam Ap Madoc, of Chicago, and John H. Powell, of this city. The contest was participated in by well known Welsh bards all over the country. The connectition on the mixed quartetic was competition on the mixed quartette was perhaps the closest from the point of view of an audience of any of the eisteddfod. There were but two entries, and the singers are well known. In Jones and Edwin Bowen. In the second and successful quartette the follow-ing were the singers: Mrs. M. J. Boston-Williams, Miss Lydia Sailor, David Stevens and P. H. Warren. JUDGE EDWARDS' TRIBUTE.

Judge Edwards was so well delighted by the singing that he made a pretty tribute to the eisteddfod. 'These are the children of the eisteddfod.' he said. "We thank the eisteddfod for what we we thank the eisteddiod for what we have heard tonight." When Adjudica-tor Davis made his decision there was much anxiety shown by the audience. He gave the \$16 prize to the second quartette. The competitive piece was "The Radiant Morn," by T. J. Davis, Judge Edwards announced the adjudication on the "W. George Powell" epitaph. The successful one was writ-ten by "Swansea," the nom-de-plume of Rev. Depew Griffiths, of Turin, N. Y. epitaph. The su-epitaph. 'Swansea.'

Sleep faithful student! Thou hast lived in deeds,
And, as the meteor thus! the heaven speeds, speeds,
Leaving a flood of light; thy race is run,
Just as thy brilliant morning had begun,
And poetry that thy saddest hours begulled
Mourns the untimely silence of her child,

Adjudicator Edwards criticised sev-Adjudicator Edwards criticised several of the better epitaphs. The one by Apollo had in its first four lines the making of an ideal epitaph. "John" was also a close competitor. The number of compositions was forty-four, D. C. Powell, father of the deceased, acted in the place of Mr. Griffiths in accepting the prize money. E. E. Robathan, a close friend of the deceased, was the donor. There were fourteen essays rewith a tribute which found favor with the audience. Mr. Connell stepped to the front of the stage. He said that he deemed the position of president of the eisteddfod an honor. "We cannot indulge in music without having higher thoughts for the effort," he said. "We cannot indulge in intellectual exercises that called for delicate discrimination,

and of these the prize money was awarded to R. Sirhowy Jones, of Ebens-burg, Pa. The winner is well-known among Weish-Americans. The an-nouncement was received with great

applause. In the duett, "The Spirit of Freedom." (prize \$10) Philip Warren and David Stevens defeated Edwin Bowen and John W. Jones, The contest was

TRIBUNE'S PRIZE STORY.

Editor Livy S. Richard, of The Trib-une, was called upon to deliver his ad-judication on the short story contest for which The Tribune offered a prize of \$25 to the winner. The prize was won by Miss Sarah A. Jones, of 1123 Hampton street. The title of the suc-cessful competition is "The Fate Card." The adjudication was as follows:

The adjudication was as follows:

As adjudicator of the short story contest I beg leave to report the receipt of 29 manuscripts. A first reading of these eliminated is as unsuitable, and restricted the choice to \$\delta\$. After a careful consideration of these \$\delta\$ stories I have decided to award the prize to the one submitted by "Wanda" and entitled "A Fate Card." upon the ground that it is effective in plot, skilfully written, and introduces an original central idea.

I desire, however, to award honorable mention to "An Episode of the Civil War." by "Nemo;" "The Poundkeeper of Breaktown" by "Jreiz Rhonda;" "Gwladys, the Beautiful Maid of Grougar Hill" by "Harry Gwynne Jones," and "The Old Professor" by "Tallesin," in the order named. The contest has revealed much local capability in the line of short fiction, and has impressed me with the thought that a local magazine for the cultivation of this talent would perform a desirable function. talent would perform a desirable func

Miss Jones, the winner, is one of the best known school teachers in the city. She is at present teaching at No. 18 school in the Fourth ward. The story is printed on this page of The Tribune.

CHIEF CHORAL COMPETITION. Then came the chief choral compe-tition of the eisteddfod for a prize of \$300. This was the competition which caused a great stir in the auditonium Scranton United, W. Davis, leader; Philharmonic society, Thomas G. Evans, leader, West Side; Taylor choir, W. Evans, leader, Adjudicator Davis decided that the Philharmonic choir's singing was superior. He awarded them the prize. The adjudication was as

No. 1-Attack good, time excellent; there were several harsh voices, and the altos were too prominent. In places the singing was poorer than others, with the tenor flat as if "feeling their way." The prayer part was too loud, and no expression was given.

No. 2—Better natural voices, altos especially good; attack positive, mass

The adjudicator thanked the audi-

ence for their indulgence toward his decision and the cisteddfod had passed into local history as the greatest ever held in Scranton.

#### EISTEDDFOD NOTES.

It was noticed that the morning session had as its stage guests men of Welsh ex-traction and in the evening the American lement was prominent.

John Lynch, though not of Welsh blood.

traction and in the evening the American element was prominent.

John Lynch, though not of Welsh blood, yet he is one of the most earnest believers in the eisteddfod. He came down from Carbondale yesterday to enjoy the event.

"Count! count!" yelled some one in the gallery as one of the chorus took the platform. Judge Edwards delivered a sharp rebuke to the disturbers. The count was made, but the choir was all right.

Attorney A. J. Colburn made a model conductor, bringil of ready wit and highly entertaining during the dull perlods. Te mentioned yesterday that no bards were barred from speaking.

What, in the opinion of Adjudicator Davis, tended toward the success of the elsteddfod was the discretion of the programme committee in their selection of competitive pieces. In this respect the elsteddfod stands unequalled.

Hon. Edwards is well known for his gracefulness in conducting an elsteddfod. When he asked Mayor-elect Balley to hand over that prize to the winner of the soprano solo, it appeared that Mr. Balley was exceedingly embarrased, but everything ran smoothly.

A lamentable feature, or what was made a feature by its absence, was the non use of the little rosettes which usually go along with the prize money at an elsteddfod. The Robert Morris lodge are surely Americanized, but it cannot drift too far from the customs of the old land and make an elsteddfod a success.

One thing was noticed and that is the dominating appearance of the litterary department of the elsteddfod. Usually the Welsh-American affairs are mere singing meets where the voice is undisputed king and the pen meekly brings up the rear. Not so with yesterday's event. The committee showed great judgment in tho quality of competitions.

Among those from out of town whom the elsteddfod attracted were: G. M. Williams, mine inspector, Wilkes-Barre; Heses Morgan, Wilkes-Barre; George Davis, Lansford Carbon county; William J. Williams, Kingston; M. C. Jones, Wilkes-Barre; James Thomas, Olyphant; Jonn Lyuch, Carbondale.

Adjudicator David Davis cre

Lynch, Carbondale.

Adjudicator David Davis created an everlasting impression. His adjudications were received with general approval in every instance. In personal appearance he is handsome and makes a striking figure on the stage. And he is at home everywhere. During the day he sang several songs. His selections were sentimental in nature and he seems to fill his voice with the feeling which brushes the heart strings of the listener. David Davis will not be soon forgotten by the eisteddfod lovers of Scranton. lovers of Scranton.

#### THE AMERICAN VOICE. The Little Attention Paid in This Country to Vocal Training.

the Boston Transcript. The American voice has won an unenviable reputation for its supposed disagreeable quality. This reputation is in part deserved, for no careful observer can fail to notice that many of our people in ordinary conversation are constantly in error in regard to their natural pitch and utterly fail in purity of tone. They speak in either too high or too low a key, and the tones are more or less forced into a disagreeable mix-tur e of the nasal-muscular quality. Apologists have attributed this defect to the nervous temperament of the people and to the disastrous effects of a variable climate. But the true explan-ation is found in a lack of proper training. The American voice, when prop-erly educated, is no less melodious and agreeable than that of any other na-

Bad quality of voice is due simply to bad habit in its use. Correct the habit and the voice is changed, and becomes what it was designed to be by the Crea men spend, after a long period of preparatory training, four years in college and almost an equal period thereafter in professional schools, and then go to vocally for the successful prosecution of their life work. And it is even more amazing that multitudes fitted by their culture to adorn social life destroy their chances of success by a lack of vocal training. They might have been good singers, readers or reciters but for their own neglect.

If a correct system of vocal physio-

logy and technique were engrafted into our public school system there would be an immense gain to the culture of the nation. Not all are public speak-ers or readers, but everybody talks, and to converse in a well-modulated, melo striving hard to obtain,

Getting There by Degrees. Mrs. Tufthunter—"Have you come to an understanding with that foreign count yet, darling?"

The Darling—"Not much as yet, mam-ma. All he can say in English is, 'Do you loaf me?' and all I can say in French is, 'Oui; je vous aime."—Puck.

MISS SARAH A. JONES

The Winner of The Tribune Prize \$25 at Yesterday's Elsteddfod-

#### CHAPTER L.

It was a dreary December morning in New York. Daylight came through yellow fog into the shabby room, it Harlem, where Dewey Heather looked wearily out onto the chill beginning of

the winter season.

The smallest possible fire smoked, rather than burned, in the yawning grate, piled two-thirds full with bricks to condense what blaze might incident-ally rise. But so far that morning the efforts of Sarah Ann, the ill-paid serv-ant, had failed to make any blaze. Dewey was young, slender, blue-eyed,

and the possessor of a mass of natural-ly curling yellow hair.

She had had her romance, but it was dead today; indeed, she held in her hand, at this moment, the letter which told her it was quite over and beyond

She had already been downstairs and had prepared her aunt's tea and toast with numbed fingers at the smoky hearth, in the cold, hard-wood kitchen beneath, and had taken it upstairs to their cheerless bedroom.

There were two of the aunts-widow and maiden-with an annuity of \$500 between them. They still had a fifty years' lease of the old house in Harlem, where the family had lived for 100 years, so that there was no danger of their losing the roof from above them; and an old clerk—a friend of the family, as they always explained-roomed, rather lodged with them.

Then, too, Dewey sang in the choir

at the old gray church around the cor-ner, and that was all the income they

A year before, Dewey had become gaged to George Neal, a young bank clerk. A few weeks later she had lost all her small fortune by an unwise investment on the part of her guardian. who had full discretion to do as he saw fit with the money for her benefit.

George had postponed their marriage on one pretext or another, gradually steeling his heart against her beauty and charms. He had recently met his friend Laurence's sister, who had \$1,500 a year in her own right, which no guardian could have touched, even if she had not outlived the age of the guardian. She was not pretty, nor par-ticularly bright, but she had influential connections and they would no doubt help him to a better position in the bank. The delightful, magnetic charms of Dewey he would always recall with regret, but they were a luxury he could

So he wrote this letter under the de-pression of the lowering December sky. He begged her to release him, as the engagement must necessarily be long, and he feared she might lose the chance of making a brilliant marriage. Of course, he said nothing of Emily Laur-ence and her \$1,500 a year.

"Marry some one more worthy of you than I and be happy!" the letter said. "As for me, I shall never marry any one. I love you too well to burden my conscience with a loveless marriage." Thereupon she had some fine wo y dream of making a great singer of herself, winning money and laurels, and flinging them at the feet of her beloved but this dream had been rudely shat-tered by a letter her aunts received from the mother of Emily Laurence, who had been their school friend, telling of Emily's engagement to a young grant.

bank clerk named Neal. Oh! the shame of it! Alas! her idol's

feet were clay. He had already made sure of her successor before he had filted her. Oh, the weariness and shabbiness of life and poverty! She laid her golden head on the dusty window seat, and shed a few

vished she were dead. But she must hasten to put on her est dress-very threadbare; her best hat, all out of season; and the cloak, and shoes that ill-kept out the damp and cold, for she must sing at the

and cold, for she must sing at the church that evening.

When she came in ready to start, the aunts were playing cribbage by the fire which had an extra scuttle of coal piled on to mitigate the extreme severity of the evening. Under the genial influence they were comfortable for once, and kissed Dewey with more than usual affection as she went away. once, and kissed Dewey with more than usual affection as she went away. One card dropped from the hand of her aunt. She stooped, picked it up, and idly noticed that it was the ace of

diamonds. She hurrjed across the square and into the road. She was thinking of her aunts at home, happy, and engrossed with their game; both refined, precise, conscientious, learned (as became American gentlewomen) and affection-ate, but selfish. She was thinking pity-ingly of herself and scornfully of George

Full of her woes and her hurt pride, she did not hear the yell of warning or of horror. She only felt the blow which knocked her down, and the sickening crush of a horse's hoof on her arm, and terrible pain. She thought that she was going to die, and knew that she wanted to live, and then, for a few minutes, the pain bereft her of sense.

A little later she heard loud talking, and found herself beneath a lamp-post with a man's kind brown eyes looking

down at her.

The sexton came hobbling out and told who she was and where she lived.

with a man's kind brown eyes looking down at her.

The sexton came hobbling out and told who she was and where she lived, and the man unceremonlously picked her up and carried her across the square.

No healthy young woman, however sylph-like, is a feather-weight, and as the young man paused at the bench in her onticed something clutched in hier uninjured hand. As he turned it about he recognized that it was a playing card—the ace of diamonds.

"My fate card! Odd that she should hold it." he muttered. In her absentiminedeness she had brought it away with her from the house.

CHAPTER II.

It is a December morning in New Orleans, and Dewey stands as she did three years ago, looking out of the window. But, what a difference! The house is on "Mardi Gras Height."

The window is wide open, looking out upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly onward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the sole regarder of the space of muslin and spilled the space of muslin should be specially in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue river flowing rapidly on-ward. Curtains of point lace sit resoftly in the faint breeze. Rich bowls of cut upon the blue reversible with the resolution of the space of two or three breath of the bound of the space of two or three minutes, when heart swell with practical probably with choicers. Another the horses' feet, thus saving her life, and who afterward carried h

in the United States, he had brought her to a house he owned in this beautiful Southern city, which to her seemed like some dream out of Paradise, with its lovely parks, its ever-blooming roses, and its soft autumn sunshine.

She never tired of the roses, and always carried them with her, or had her rooms full of them.

The old house in Harlem was kept warm now the year round; plenty of food in the larder, and plenty of coals in the grate; another servant, stronger tea, and more butter on the toast; besides new furniture, and a fresh pack of cards a month if they chose to have them—these were among the increased comforts.

There was a wonderful cribbage board

There was a wonderful cribbage board of real ebony iniaid with real ivory just arrived there as a Christmas present from the fairy city down by the guit, where Dewey had pitched her perman-

where Dewey had pitched her permanent tent.

Her husband, Irving Valverdle, is not unusual in any way-good-looking and manly-but called a "crank" by his friends in the matter of his one superstition. He had observed that on the eve of any great event in his life which augured well for him, he always found in his path the ace of diamond card.

When a boy of seventeen he had gone

When a boy of seventeen he had gone to the Colorado mines, where he had staked out his claim and worked indefatigably for months, and nothing came of it. One day it became a question in his mind: "Shall I give it all up, or shall I try a little longer?"

To determine his actions. up, or shall I try a little longer."

To determine his action one way on the other, he took a pack of cards in his hand and said: "I will cut—a black card I go—a red card I stay."

He cut the ace of diamonds and stayed.

Within twenty-four hours he had

Within twenty-four hours he had struck the finest "lead" in the section, and his fortune was made.

That was the beginning of his superstition, and the thing had now ceased stition, and the thing had now ceased to be a matter of speculation with him. It was a fact. When he saw the card in Dewey's hand, he was just as sure that she was to be his wife, and the right wife for him to secure, as he was when he stood at the altar with her.

His wealth, which to Colorado peo-ple seemed moderate, to his wife seemed boundless affluence. Never to think, before she bought any article of her desire; never to walk in mud and rain, but to have a pair of sleek horses at her disposal; no rattling omnibus nor even the finer luxury of a hansom cab, but her own carriage, soft-cush-ioned, easy-rolling, servants to do her bidding, and an adoring husband to anticipate her most careless wish. Her big amiable husband found tears

in her eyes as he came in from the garden with a bunch of violets he had gathered with his own hands for her. "Is wife homesick for New York on this lovtly morning?" he asked teas-

"Homesick?" and she smiled through "Homesick?" and she smiled through her tears. "I was thinking this," she said, smiling in her precise little way, which had not ceased to please him in these two years of familiar companionship.

"I was thinking of two December day. Could there be a greater contrast between this and the day I first met you? I think the ace of diamonds must

you? I think the ace of diamonds must be my fate card, too, for you know I held it when you found me fainting in the street; and don't you remember the day we were walking on Keene street, and I turned a card over with my foot and found it was your card? Well, that was just a little while before I got the letter from my old guardian, telling that my little fortune had un-

expectedly come back to me."
"Well, and has my darling decided what to do with it yet? You know you are to spend it all in charity." "I have just been thinking of that," she said, " and some of it shall go to the Young Women's Christian association. I believe that to be the greatest beneficial organization for young wo-

men in the world." That afternoon they drove to the rooms to witness the charity dinner, daily given to the hungry of the great

it was a novel scene to Dewey, and one which she never forgot.

Long tables were spread with a substantial feast and a beyy of your ladies were silently serving the food out alike to the professional tramp, the seen-better-days man, the genteel vag-abond, and the disappointed immi-

"My God, Dewey!" Could she be awake? Did some ghost from the past speak to her? That cold, cramped past which seemed like a grim

dream' For it was the voice of George Neal, poverty! She laid her golden head on the dusty window seat, and shed a few bitter love-sick tears, and thought she wished she were dead.

Christmas Cheer!

Christmas Cheer!

He had not married Emily Laurence after all, but had, in his turn, been jilted with one for more money. There was a little difficulty, too, about some money which had disappeared from the bank. There was no actual proof the bank. There was no actual proof against him, but he was known to have debts, and, well, they intimated to him that his services were "no longer required." So he had gone to Australia, and drifted thence to New Orleans, knowing nothing of Dewey's history during those, to him, barren years. He often deplored his actions towards her, and imagined her still in her shabby freek making toast on forgy mornings. frock, making toast on foggy mornings, or shivering in her seat in the choir.

Dewey was silent all the way home, and as the carriage drew up beneath the stone-pillared portico of her hand-

home, she said: some home, she said:
"I have a plan by which I can dispose of some of my little fortune, if it meets your approval. I was thinking we might give some of it to George Neal to start him anew in the world Let him have one more chance. The question is whether it would be a real

charity."
"Suppose you cut the cards," said
her husband. "That's the way I settle
all perplexing questions. Here is a
deck. Red. yes; black, no use doing anything for him. With a hand that trembled a little, for she so much wanted it to be "yes," Dewey lifted a few cards and exposed

### It was the ace of diamonds! HOUSEHOLD HINTS.